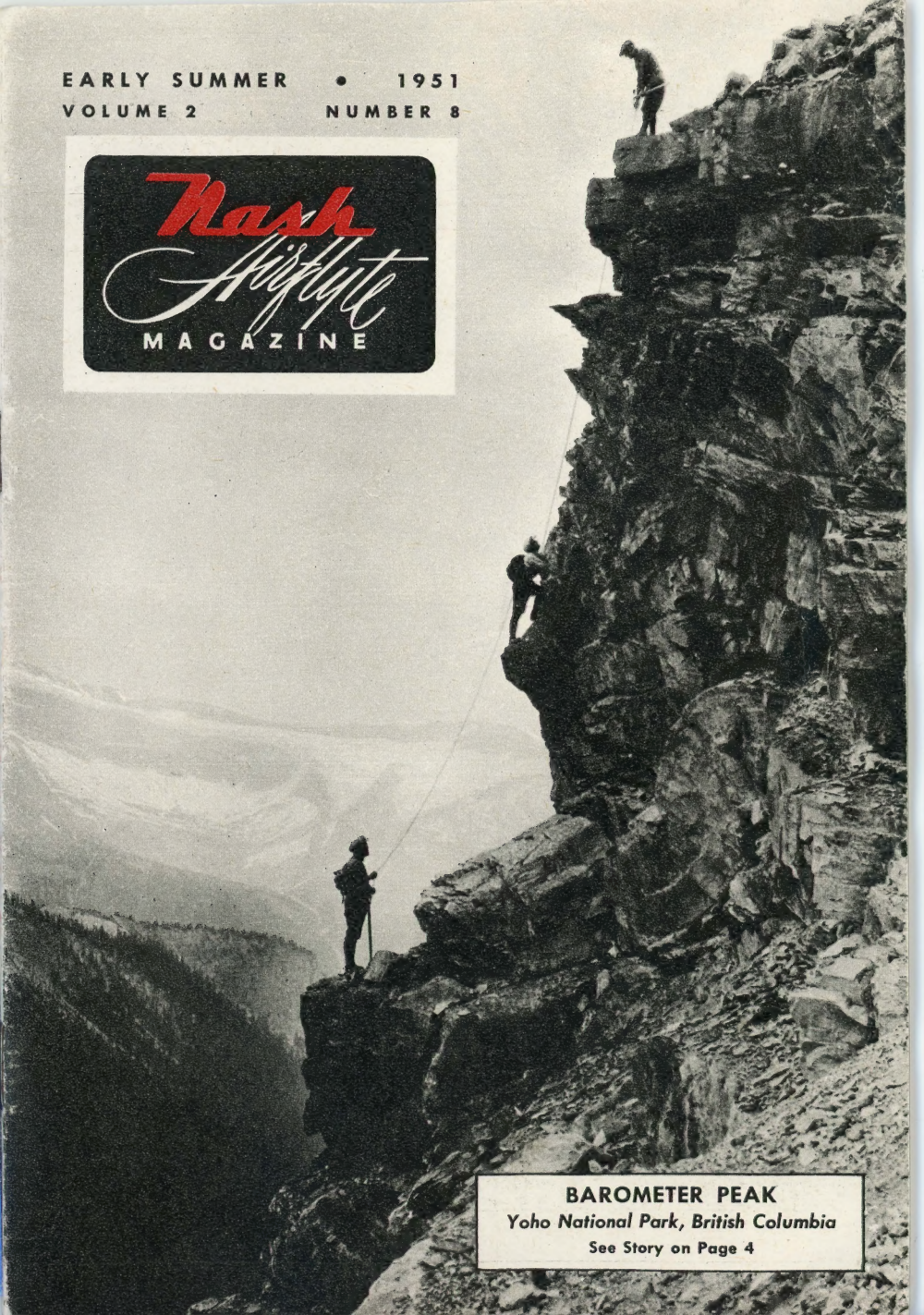


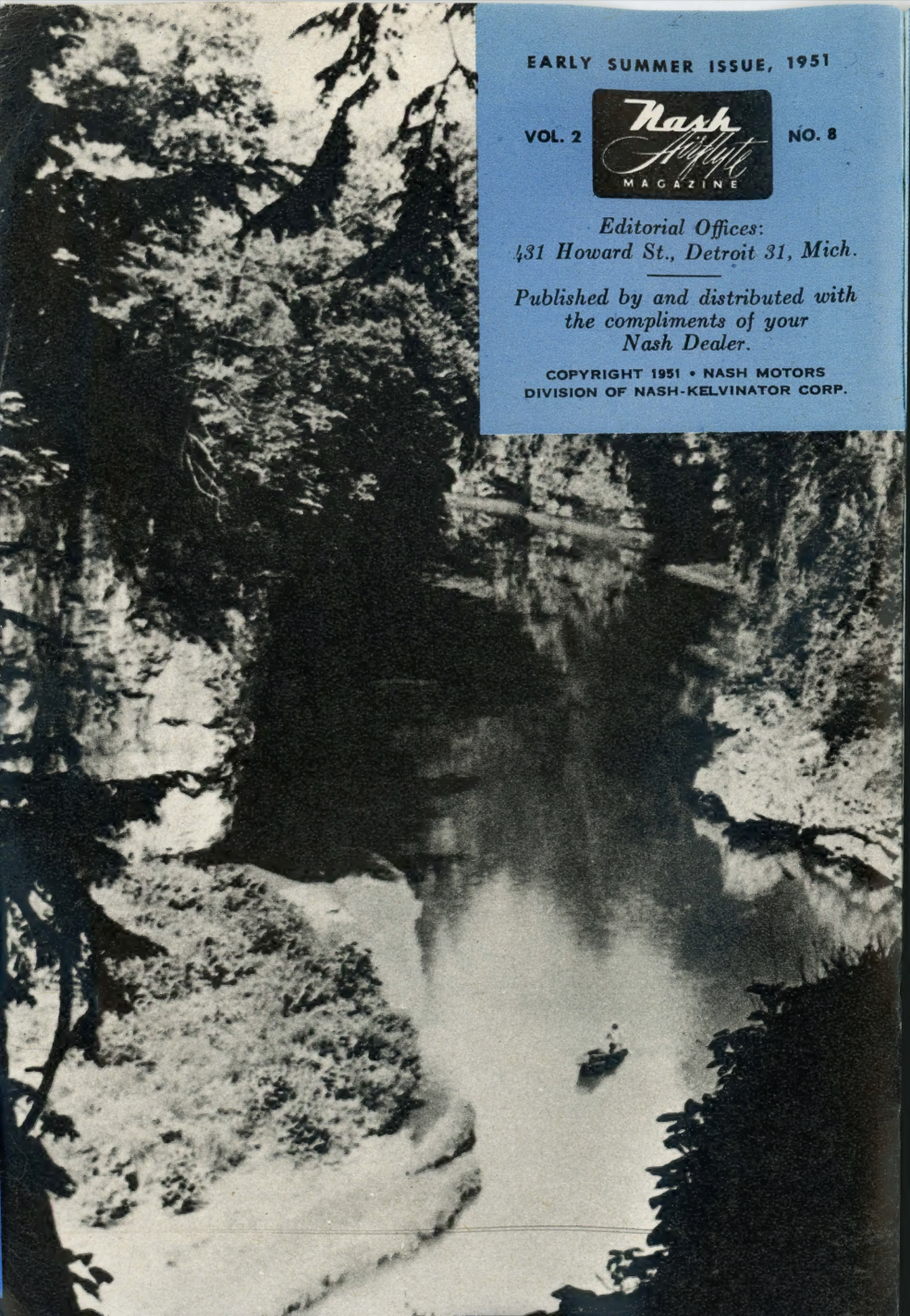
EARLY SUMMER • 1951
VOLUME 2 NUMBER 8



BAROMETER PEAK

Yoho National Park, British Columbia

See Story on Page 4



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ROCKY FORK CREEK in the Seven Caves area of Ohio. This section of the state is called the "Yellowstone of Ohio"



Victoria, B.C. is only four hours from Seattle by fast steamboat. On pleasant days the trip is delightful with forested islets at every turn

British Columbia offers every kind of attraction imaginable. If scenery palls there is fine hunting and fishing. Fishing here is on Canion Lake



British Columbia By BELLE C. EWING

Lusty, scenic British Columbia is but a short step from our own Northwest. Many roads lead to this colorful land from the Peace Arch at Blaine, Washington, on U.S. Highway 99, east to Sweet Grass, Montana, and U.S. Highway 91. No passports are necessary in order to visit our friendly neighbor to the north.

No place in all the world will the traveler find greater natural beauty than in British Columbia. Here mighty mountains upon whose bosoms glaciers sleep, pierce the sky.

From these glaciers threads of water trickle to become streams which flow through alpine flower-decked meadows. The ghost heads of the mountains are reflected in the crystal clear waters, while unraveled snow-banks form a thousand blue lakes in which the wily trout lurks.

If you follow the usual tourist routes you will probably enter British Columbia through Vancouver. Vancouver is more than a cosmopolitan city with tall buildings. It is a mighty seaport where fingers of the vast interior reach out to



British Columbia has 12,000 square miles of park reservations from Vancouver Island to the Rockies. Pictured is a scene in Manning Park

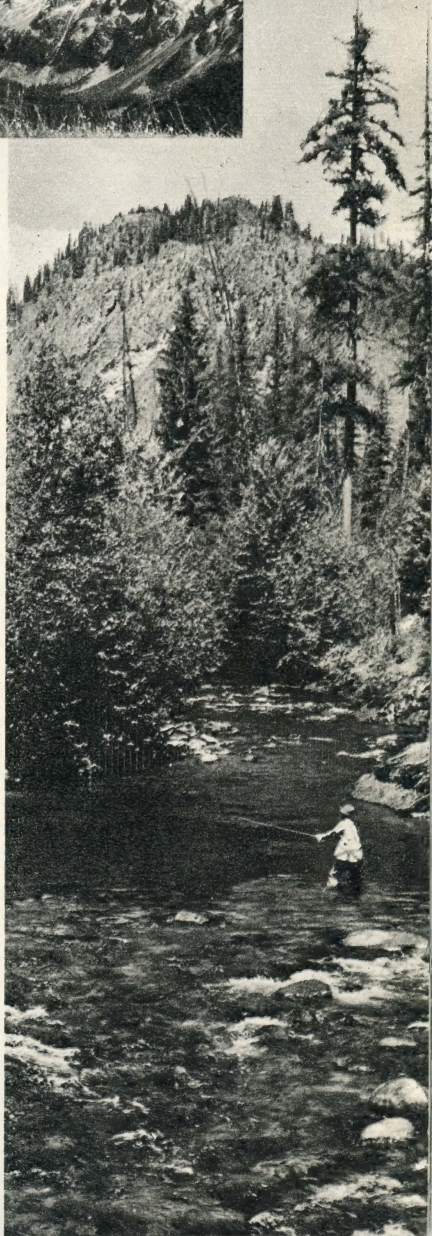
touch the hand of the outside world. Her great harbor is the stopping place for ships that sail the waters of the world, for British Columbia casts her lines of commerce to every quarter of the globe.

Although good roads are to be found throughout the Province, waterways are used extensively, too. Fat little ferry boats scurry across bays and inlets, eager to take both you and your car to your chosen destination.

In places, the highway leads through virgin forests and the motorist may have to slacken speed to allow a doe and her fawn to bound across the road, as it seeks shelter in a thicket; or he may even see a bear, or hear the scream of a mountain lion, for wild life is not scarce. He may startle a gay cock pheasant, or its demure little hen and her brood among the checker-board shadows under a silver birch.

(continued on page 6)

And here is trout fishing in Big Sheep Creek, near Rossland, B.C.





Above is shown Elk Falls, Canyon End, Rainbow, Vancouver Island. The Island, along the western coast of British Columbia, is larger than Switzerland and almost as mountainous

(continued from page 5)

In May and June the hawthorn and dogwood are in bloom, and the air is sweet with the breath of a thousand wild flowers. In July, the countryside is covered with a purple mist of fireweed—nature's healing balm for fire-swept land. Ferns and young trees find renewed life in the fallen monarchs of yesterday.

Beauty is everywhere—in the cathedral quietness of the forests, in

the music of the waterfalls, the blue-green of the rivers, and with Scotch broom like a trail of gold winding off into the hills.

There are numerous hotels, inns, auto courts and guest ranches that offer excellent accommodations to the traveler. In most places the food is good and cheaper than in the United States. Go prepared to have a grand time—you will.

There is no finer place in all the world to spend a vacation than in British Columbia. It offers escape from the problems of complex civilization and a chance to recuperate from the woes of the world while viewing nature in her gayest, brightest mood



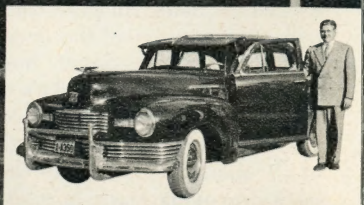
Man of Music

Ardeen J. Foss of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has been directly connected with music for 28 years. He first started during his years in high school when he was a member of the Washington High School Band of which he is now director. He was Professor of Musical Education at Sioux Falls College during the years of 1946 and 1947, after which he became instrumental in organizing a grade school band program covering all grades from the fourth through the eighth. In 1950 he had 543 students. At one time he gave a concert with 425 students of grade school age participating en masse.

His aim is to promote musical education in instrumental music for everyone. He joined the Washington High School faculty this year and is now director of the champion Washington High School Band, which has made three nation-wide trips playing before royalty and celebrities on both Coasts and Canada. His final achievement has been a comprehensive program covering students from the fourth grade on through high school.

Mr. Foss has been a satisfied Nash user since 1948, and his entire family are ardent Nash supporters. His dad, brothers, and uncle are all Nash users. Recently Mr. Foss took delivery of a new Nash.

Married, Mr. Foss has three sons, aged ten, seven, and one-and-a-half years. The two older boys are also music enthusiasts, following their father who is able to play nearly all instruments.





Prize money seems to be slipping from this puncher's grasp as the hidefull of steel springs takes him over the jump (Stewarts photo)

By Robert M. Ormes

In Colorado Springs' Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo, to be held on August 7 to 11, the nation's top "ride-em" artists will join the toughest beef that bawls and the meanest horse-flesh that bucks to mix up their annual explosion of hoof dynamite.

Everything favors a fury of action. Stay-on rides are the main drawing events. The villains for these hail from special crime colonies on Rodeo Manager Leo Cremer's Big Timber Ranch in Montana, where the breeding principle favors survival of the wicked. A flank cinch on each animal guarantees that the opening of the chute will catapult him into action. Since each cowpoke's score is the sum of two percentages—one for the rider and one for the violence of the mount, it is seen to that this buck-provoking cinch is set to give

the rider the animal's full dish of twisting and jolting. On a bronc ride the contestant must spur the shoulders high or be disqualified. He rides with one rein, and may not change hands on it or "pull leather" to stay on. With a Brahma bull he need stay only eight seconds instead of the ten required on a bronc. He rides by holding to a free rope around the animal's body, and may use but one hand on it and touch no hide with the other.

Rodeo fans, who may number up to 60,000, will take almost equal interest in the bull dogging, for which the competitor takes a wrestler's nelson hold on the horn system of a leaping beeper and by down-and-in twisting his head, forces him to a fall.

Calves, too, will dart out from the

pens, and flying lariats will jerk them short in mid-scamper. While the cowboy's mount holds a taut line he will run down it, dump his calf, and gather three crossed feet into a quick tie. The scoring runs will be over in seconds—from jet-propelled start to the aimless bewilderment that comes when the calf is untied and gets up.

"Cutting" horse competition has replaced the wild cow milking of earlier years. This is the favorite of the many stockmen who are attracted from over the southwest.

They delight to watch the horse that can outwit and outmove a marked cow and part her from the bunch, and they know the practical worth of this skill on a ranch.



Bull dogging is a rough but skillful operation. The cowpoke drops from his mount to throw the steer with a handlebar nelson (Jim Chamberlin photo)

A girl rider bends her mount sharply around the barrel. Barrel races and calf roping are now regular girl features of the rodeo (James Cathey photo)

This year's Rodeo will have the usual fillers of clowning and will feature two competitions for girl riders. One is calf roping and the other a spirited barrel race with fast looping turns.

The saddle leather fiesta, profits from which go to the American Legion's Welfare Fund for Disabled Veterans, is strictly a community deal. Local legion committees volunteer for the ticket and crowd handling jobs.

Donated also is the million-dollar

(continued on page 10)

Louise Watson, 1951 Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo Queen (Stewarts photo)





Top "cutting" horses are rare, but their event draws more and more entrants each year to Colorado Springs. A cutting horse is given rein so he can outmaneuver the quarry (Bryan & Hartung photo)

(continued from page 9)

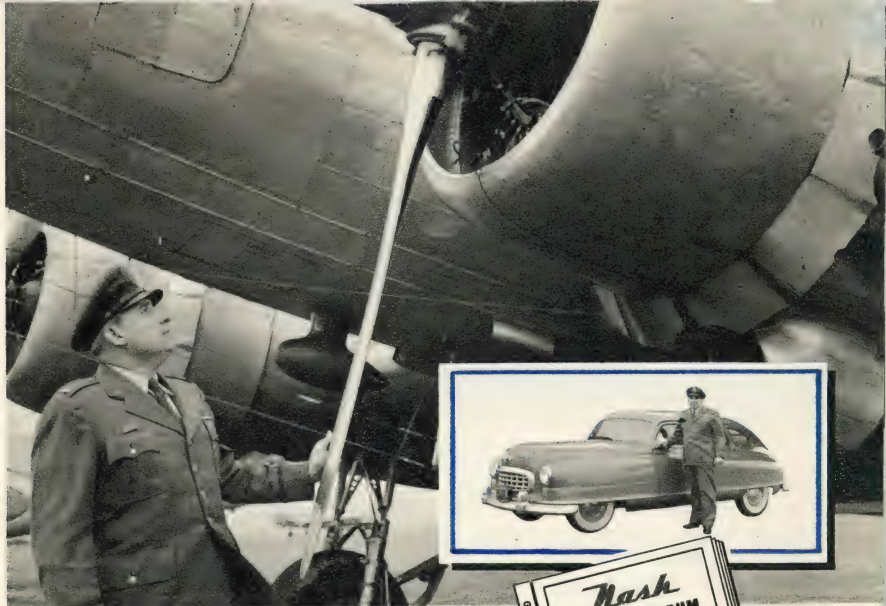
stadium with covered seats and turfed arena, one of the recent additions to Broadmoor's recreation compound of swank hotel, ice palace, golf course, dude ranch, stable and bridle trails, mountain top lodge and zoo. Rodeo season and pre-rodeo publicity stunts include cowbelle-cowhand breakfasts, a street ball with square dancing, fireworks, old-time melodrama, a three day Round-Pikes-Peak trail ride, and even a queen-led rodeo parade with people riding everything from

the zoo elephant to dandy old broughams and victorias from El Pomar Carriage House.

The town dresses for the show, too, from small-fry to bankers. Time was when there was a dude-corner dunk-tank for wetting down any business man who came to work in rodeo week without his multi-gallon headpiece, his hollering-loud shirt and his competitive growth of beard whiskers. Now that the show is squarely on its hooves, they say no such compulsions are necessary.

Calf roping looks so easy—when it works, that is. Calves scamper away fast from the pen and even when roped right-off are rubber-tough to handle





The General's Pilot

Major Alvin E. Robinson was born in San Antonio, Texas, and is a graduate of Harlandale High School and San Antonio Junior College. He joined the Navy thirteen years ago, transferring to the Air Force after four years. He served in the Air Force all through the European campaign in World War II, and has been General Omar Bradley's pilot since the summer of 1945.

When he is not engaged in flying the General, Major Robinson makes his home in Washington, D.C., where he lives with his wife and two daughters. The Major is an enthusiastic radio ham and operates an amateur radio transmitter licensed with the call letters W3ICW. He and six of the more powerful amateur-transmitter operators are engaged in helping G.I.'s overseas by

relaying messages to their homes.

They have organized regular schedules, serving the European area in the morning and the Japanese area in the afternoon. The messages they have relayed for worried servicemen range from a message from a G.I. in Japan asking his mother to sell the car he had left behind and to put the proceeds in U.S. Savings Bonds, to that of an anxious soldier in Germany, wanting news of his sick daughter.

Major Robinson's other hobbies are fishing and hunting, which sports he pursues in nearby Maryland and Virginia.

He presently owns a 1950 Nash Ambassador with Hydra-Matic. This is the second Nash which Major Robinson has owned. Now he is a confirmed Nash owner.

THE CARLSBAD CAVERNS

By Spencer Crump

A fantastic, almost unbelievable, underground world unfolds for visitors in the Carlsbad Caverns, in southeastern New Mexico.

Since the dawn of the Cave Men, caverns have fascinated people. And the Carlsbad Caverns rate with the largest and most beautiful of the world's cavities.

Grotesque limestone formations, limpid subterranean "lakes" . . . and even a lunchroom 750 feet below ground level . . . await those who visit the Carlsbad Caverns, now preserved as a national park.

Although approximately four miles of the caverns, down to a depth of 829 feet are open to the public, additional passageways lead 20 miles to a depth of 1,100 feet. Even more miles of these dark caves may exist.

The Carlsbad Caverns are becoming more and more popular each year. Last year they were visited by 466,137 persons, an all-time record. In all, approximately 4,700,000 people have entered the caverns since they became part of the national park system in 1923.

Let's look at the caves and how they came into being.

Back in the Permian period of geological history—a mere 200 million years ago—limestone was deposited in the region. Water found its way into cracks and washed rooms and corridors into the limestone.

Uplifts cracked the limestone and the water drained away, leaving the caves very much as they appear today, although none of the picturesque formations existed.

In the Carlsbad Caverns visitors walk along beside limestone formations. Those hanging from the roof are called stalagtites; when they begin on the floor they are known as stalagmites. The formations build up



drop by drop

Administration offices of the Carlsbad Caverns National Park are housed in these Spanish-Indian style buildings above the caves



It was then that stalagmites and other formations began to take shape—a process which continues to this day.

Rainwater seeps through decaying vegetation in the ground, becoming charged with carbon dioxide. The result is a weak solution of carbonic acid—which dissolves the limestone roof of the caves.

This limestone-carrying moisture crystallizes when it appears on top of the caverns. When droplets build up, icicle-like formations grow from the roof: they are called stalagmites. Limestone water percolating faster than it can evaporate falls to the floor and formations build upward: these are stalagmites. When floor and roof formations meet, they are known as pillars.

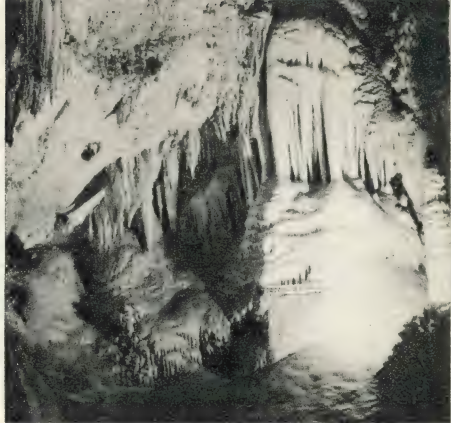
Several hundred years are required to build the spectacular formations which greet visitors to this underground wonderland.

Hidden by the darkness of the depths, the beauties of the Carlsbad Caverns long were unknown. Then the late Jim White, a local cowboy, explored the caves with lanterns and thousands of feet of string to assure his return.

He became unofficial guide for visitors and when the caverns were included in the national park system, he became park ranger and later chief ranger.

Now the caverns are beautifully lighted and graded trails are maintained. The guide fee is \$1.20 per person, including tax; children under 12 are admitted free when accompanied by adults. For those who bring cameras, a special photographic tour is conducted daily at 12:45 p.m.

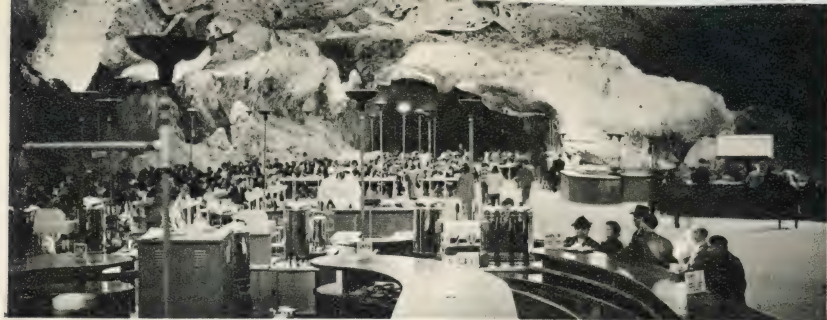
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Frozen Waterfall is a complex formation of limestone. It was formed drop by drop over the centuries. Tourists find it beautifully lighted

Rock of Ages is the most famous of the formations in Carlsbad Caverns. It rises almost as high as a ten-story building





Lunchtime in the Big Room, 750 feet below ground level in the Carlsbad Caverns. The lunchroom occupies a portion of the largest chamber open to the public

(continued from page 13)

While the temperature on the surface may range from almost zero to more than 100 degrees, the caverns remain a constant 56 degrees. Coats are therefore welcome at any time of the year.

Visitors may walk in and out of the caverns through the natural entrances, or they may take elevators. The trips range from a four-mile underground hike requiring five hours to a round-trip elevator ride with a one-and-a-half mile walk in the caverns taking two hours.

Each of the cavern rooms presents its unique attractions. There is the Green Lake Room—named for the pool of water so clear it looks inches deep instead of its several feet. The King's Palace is a chamber filled with a wealth of col-

umns. Nearby are the Queen's Chamber and the Papoose Room, with equally beautiful formations.

The Big Room is the highlight of the trip. At one end is a lunchroom, where box lunches are available for 50 cents. Guides escort visitors past mighty formations, centuries in the forming. At one point the ceiling arches to 285 feet above the trail. Limestone formations range from needle-like chandeliers to the mighty Rock of Ages, bigger than a two-story house, which formed drop by drop over the ages.

But perhaps the most awe-inspiring moment of the entire tour is the point at which the tour stops and all lights are extinguished.

Then in the utter silence and complete blackness which follows, it seems as though the visitor has been transported to a moment in eternity.

Here is a section of the King's Palace, rated among the most beautiful of the chambers in Carlsbad Caverns. Note the stalagmites to the left of the visitors; at their right are columns, formed by the meeting of floor and ceiling formations



FAVORITE EATING PLACE

BROUSSARD'S RESTAURANT

NEW ORLEANS



In New Orleans, a traveler may get a glimpse of the city's old-world charm and enjoy some of its world-famous food simultaneously by having lunch or dinner at Broussard's, an attraction for homefolks and tourists alike, located in the heart of the picturesque French Quarter.

There you walk through an unimpressive doorway into a bright, flower-sprinkled courtyard where you may satisfy your appetite's delight in simple American-style or fancy French foods—and at popular prices.

Whether you're enjoying a simple beef club steak or filet of trout amandine, you may top it off with Napoleon brandy poured with song and flourish before the statue of Napoleon in the canopy-lined patio which has become a mecca for sightseers. Or you may relish the delicately made crepes suzette souffles which have brought international fame to the restaurant. And you may sip a demi-tasse of thick, black brulot (coffee) that will make your hair stand at attention.

Broussard's bears the name of its owner and founder, Joseph C. Broussard, native of the Evangeline county in Southwest Louisiana, who might easily pass as a chef from

Gay Paree. Down in Broussard's native country, French is spoken as commonly as English, and Broussard, wanting to learn the art of French cooking the way Frenchmen do, journeyed to France for a three-year course under a topnotch chef.

"Cooking is an art," Broussard will tell you, "an art not everybody can acquire. And cooking, like everything else, can be improved upon from time to time."

The one dish which brings more rave notices than all the others at Broussard's is his crepes suzette souffles. This is a delicately concocted dessert made of egg yolks, sugar, flour, milk, cream, salt, and anisette, and it is toasted in cognac just before serving. It's as light as a feather, and guaranteed to make you want to come back.

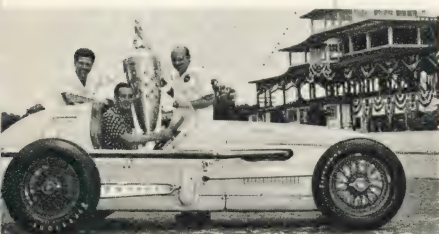
The average motorist, however, will be able to find the things he knows from back home, at prices comparable to those in the better restaurants. These considerations, plus the quality of the food, keep Broussard's cash registers ringing.

Broussard began his restaurant some 30 years ago in a 65-foot-front building. He now has a place with 115-foot frontage, a half-block deep, which seats 560 in the main dining rooms and courtyard combined.

by HARRY LEDUC . . . The Detroit News

"The 500".... T

Historically the 500-Mile Race is mixed with emotions and attitudes, but both in conception and in any analysis of the 35 races (including this year's) that have been held since 1911, the world's most famous auto racing competition is a contribution to the motorist and the manufacturer. A detached viewpoint is difficult, but that conclusion appears to approximate the impartial.

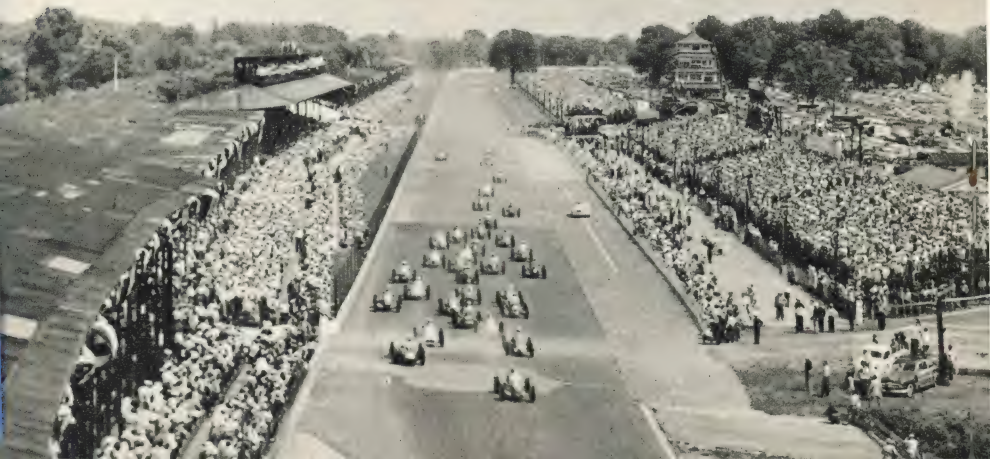


Johnnie Parsons, 1950 winner, shown here with the Borg-Warner Trophy. Ed Walsh, owner, and Harry Stephens, mechanic, smile happily

Four men, who were making sizable fortunes out of a young automotive industry, conceived the idea of the two-and-a-half mile Indianapolis Speedway.

They were Carl Fisher, Jim Allison, A. C. Newby and Frank Wheeler. They built it in 1909. Manufacturers then had no private proving grounds, no laboratories recognized as such. There hardly were paved roads on which to test products. Ideas were popping into heads. Development was rapid. There were conflicts, arguments, discussions. But there was no place to prove anything. Thirty-six different makes of cars were being manufactured in Indiana, ten of them in Indianapolis. How many remember the names of the ten? American, Cole, Empire, Marion, Marmon, National, Overland, Premier, Rex and Waverly.

Looking back at the straight-away as the cars enter the southwest turn at the Indianapolis Speedway as Wilbur Shaw pulls the pace car off the track



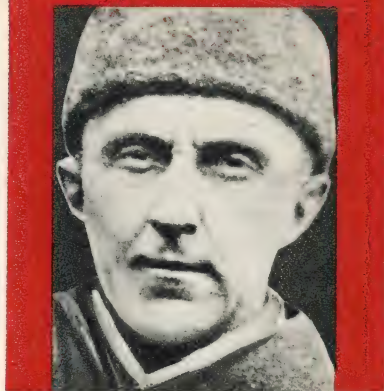
he Indianapolis Classic

Here was the big idea of the quartet, Fisher, Allison, Newby and Wheeler: To provide a place where "thinkers" could prove their thoughts, and to advertise Indiana-made cars to the world!

The track was of crushed rock and tar when the first race, 300 miles, was held in 1909 and it went to pieces. So did the hopes of the Hoosiers, for cars made in Detroit. Flint and Jackson, Mich., set all the records, won all the money.

Vitrified brick, much of it now covered with asphalt, replaced the crushed rock and tar before a 1910 program of sprints and the 1911 first 500-Mile Race was held, and it was won by Ray Harroun whose Marmon car carried the first rear-view mirror ever used, and embodied the first attempts at streamlining: steel discs fastened outside the wheels' wooden spokes, and a long, pointed tail back of the gas tank.

Between Harroun's speed of 74.59



Ray Harroun, winner of the first full "500" in 1911, had the first rear-view mirror mounted on his car

m.p.h. in his 600 cubic-inch piston displacement Marmon, and the new records set in early trials this year (137.049 lap and 136.498 trial) by Duke Nalon in his 181 cubic-inch Novi, the claimed if not accredited contributions of the "500" to the motorist include, besides the aforementioned

(continued on next page)

The Pagoda is the nerve center of the "500". Here the timers and officials have their vantage points





The winner gets the checkered flag at the Indianapolis Speedway—the dream and goal of every race driver as 200,000 voices pour forth the mightiest ovation known to sports

tioned mirror, the following: Cord tires, balloon tires, anti-knock fuel, four-wheel brakes, improved lubricants, high-speed engines, knee-action, aluminum pistons and balanced crankshafts.

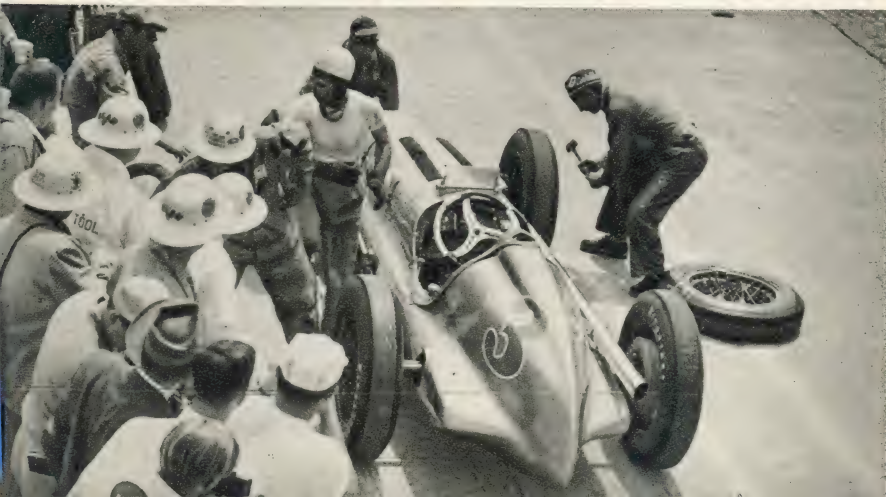
If these claims are almost cliché-sounding, there is to be considered the vast amount of technical information that has been absorbed. Manufacturers and engineers still go to Indianapolis annually. (It is in

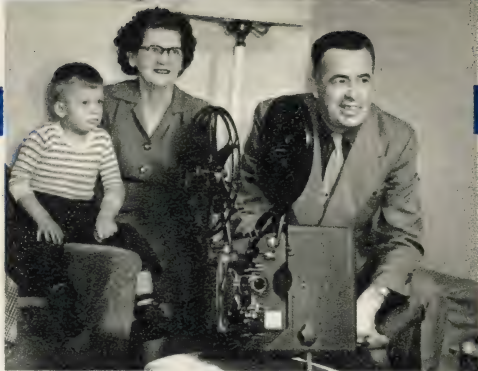
their blood, too). The industry independently contributes more than \$50,000 of the \$200,000 prize money. A spark plug firm alone spends \$50,000 in expenses for its engineers, mechanics and materials to have them at the track through May. A tire maker does likewise. Even small firms spend relatively large sums.

To a large degree their motives and purposes are those of the Speedway's founders. They want to prove things and they want to advertise their products to the world.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, former Indianapolis Speedway president and race driver, has said that the pace of "The 500" is so terrific it equals 100,000 miles of road tests for every car that finishes. Instead of an oval bowl, the Indianapolis Speedway is a two and one-half mile rectangle—four sharp curves to the lap! That demands surging acceleration on the straightaways, split-second deceleration coming into the curves and speeds of nearly 190 miles an hour down the stretches. Yes, here's an acid test for man and motor.

Maurie Rose, 1949 winner, pauses in the pits for a one-minute tire change





Busy, Busy, Busy

Mr. M. Raleigh Rabedioux, of Bay City, Michigan, has three passions: his grandson Jimmy (age 5); fish fries; and the pink siding on his house.

He will go to any fish fry within reasonable distance, and paints the pink siding on his house faithfully each year.

He is a quiet, reserved fellow, and as a friend described him, "is like a frog—he looks before he leaps, so nothing exciting ever happens to Raleigh."

Mr. Rabedioux is quiet, but energetic, traveling continuously five days a week as salesman for Sunshine Biscuits, Inc. He puts all his spare time into civic and religious affairs. He has been Mayor of Bay City and was President of the Holy Name Society for 1950.

When deer season comes around, he's off for the woods and in the summer is on the road seeking new places, continuously taking movies in color. On his last vacation he covered 4200 miles—going from Bay City to New Orleans, to Miami and Key West and back, averaging twenty miles per gallon in his Nash. He especially likes to take pictures of hunting and fishing. If he has the time, he will travel 200 miles just

to take pictures of a sporting event.

Mr. Rabedioux likes his Nash Ambassador Sedan for the speed and ease with which he gets from place to place. His wife doesn't mind fast driving, but drives slower herself. Once, when she was driving, he watched the speedometer go up to 90 but didn't say anything. She went down to 50 in a hurry when she noticed it, exclaiming that she didn't dream she was going so fast.

Mr. Rabedioux enjoys showing the Nash movies of "Hunting in Alaska" and "Fishing in Alaska," at clubs and churches. After seeing both films at the Moose Club, the governor of the club of Bay City bought a Nash Statesman with a bed.

Mr. Rabedioux was born and raised in Bay City. During World War I he was a gunner's mate stationed in Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina, where he was a rifle instructor. He is a member of the Elks, Moose, Eagles, Knights of Columbus, and the American Legion.

Mr. Rabedioux buys a new Nash every year. His present Nash, a 1951 2-door gray Ambassador Sedan, is his 16th since 1934. For the last three years his license plate number has been KW 5678, the same as his telephone number, 5678.



Looking to the southeast from the top of Castle Rock, St. Ignace can be seen nestled at the waterfront, and across the Straits is the outline of historic Mackinac Island

Castle Rock

By Vera and Henry Bradshaw

Resembling the ancient ruins of a medieval man-made fortress, strategically built, Castle Rock proudly overlooks the busy and important Straits of Mackinac in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. From its top, 183 feet from the road and 195.8 feet above sea level, the old, historical town of St. Ignace, three miles south, can be seen hugging the straits, and out on the water, there's a veritable parade of ore ships and ferries and steamers. Adding to the scene, are spruce-laden hills stretching toward distant blue horizons, the pattern dotted with miniature silver ponds. U.S. Number 2, which passes at the rock's foot, cuts a narrow

swath in the view as it swings north on its way to Sault Ste. Marie.

Long ago, Ojibway Indians — especially Chief Pontiac — used Castle Rock as a lookout. They didn't build it, though. The exquisite design and clever handiwork belong entirely to temperamental Mother Nature. Womanlike, she had a terrific time making up her mind as to whether this part of the world looked best under water, or out of water. During her interval of indecision, she'd alternate: first, land; then, water. When, after a few billion years she finally decided, this queer towerlike formation of dolomite was somehow left high and dry.

Legend tells of a beautiful Indian girl who refused to be left "high and dry" on Castle Rock. After helplessly watching jealous braves toss her white lover off the pinnacle to his death, she, broken-hearted, leaped after him.

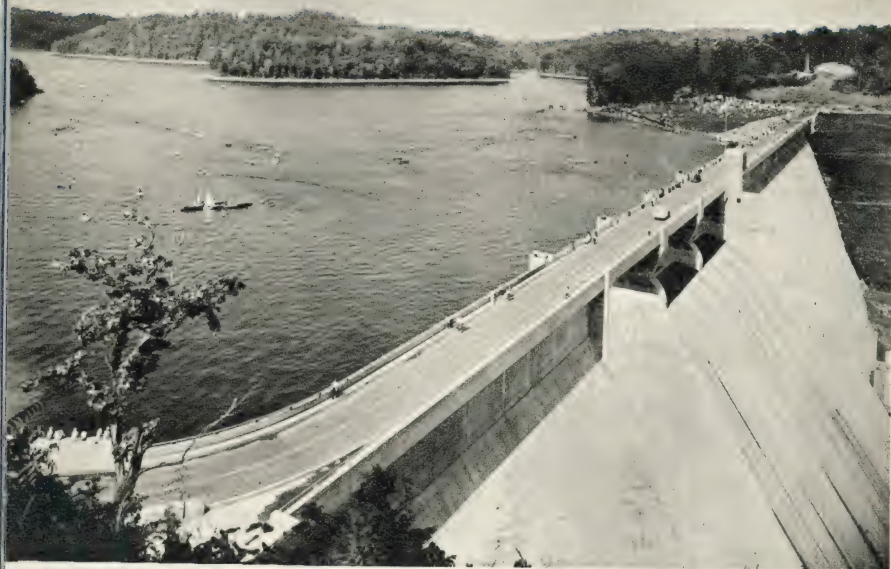
An admission fee of ten cents makes available a convenient wooden staircase to the summit.

(Photos by authors)

From the top of Castle Rock, U.S. Highway No. 2, circling north toward Sault Ste. Marie, adds charm to the scene below. The promontory in the distance is another queer formation known as Rabbit's Back



Tennessee's "Great Lakes"



Norris Dam and lake is 25 miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. Nearby Norris Park offers complete vacation accommodations

WHERE COWS once pastured, fishermen now fish.

Millions of fishermen came last year to flip out bait for bass, crappie, catfish and other finny attractions swimming where there once was pasture and forest.

Other millions came to go sailing, swimming, picnicking or just sight-seeing on the thousands of miles of shoreline of artificial lakes.

For the TVA has created a system of "Great Lakes of the South" in the Tennessee Valley to add to the resort lure of the spectacular Smoky Mountains. There are new lakes 185 miles long, some 70 feet deep, where there is no closed season on fishing the year around!

Take Knoxville alone. There are five TVA lakes surrounding it and another within the city. New lakes whose names you probably have heard already—Norris, Cherokee, Douglas, Fontana, Fort Loudoun and Watts Bar.

It is estimated that today in the TVA watershed there are 10,000 miles of shoreline—as much as the Gulf coast and our Pacific shoreline combined—to create a bonus attraction for tourists to Tennessee. For the Great Smokies are the most popular of our national parks, last year drawing 1,800,000 visitors.

Uncle Sam, when he built the great dams along the Tennessee River that created these new "great



Bald River Falls in the southern section of Cherokee National Forest. The area is famous for trout fishing



Blount Mansion in Knoxville. Built in 1792, it is the first frame house built west of the Alleghenies

Lakes," wasn't thinking of tourists. Those dams were designed to hold back the mighty waters of the river . . . to lower the flood peaks roaring into the Ohio and Mississippi. And to provide needed electric power for cities and countryside . . . not to mention Oak Ridge, birthplace of Atomic energy.

In creating a mighty source of power and dams that were to save cities far from the Tennessee Valley millions of dollars in flood losses

annually, Uncle Sam added a vast, new vacationland.

Last year there were more than 6,500,000 visitors to 16 of these new lakes. And more will be coming this year as the fame of the "Great Lakes of the South" grows.

It not only has meant a major boom in tourist trade but new business and interest for the local folks themselves. They're having as much fun as anybody swimming, sailing, fishing and having speed boat races on their new lakes.

A recent survey showed that the home folks have bought—since they've had lakes for them—7,000 new power boats, and nobody would

(continued on page 24)



Rhododendron in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains is really something to behold. These usually are at their best in mid-June, but from spring 'til fall hundreds of different flowers put on an endless show of colorful beauty



Knoxville, historic city of the South, is the center of East Tennessee's famed scenic playgrounds. University of Tennessee's football stadium is seen in the left foreground

(continued from page 23)

guess how many outboard motors. Their speed boats hold regattas today in waters above the fields where their sluggish mules used to plow.

Quick to their opportunity, Tennesseans have put in boat liveries, tourist courts, hotels, restaurants . . . and their tourist bureaus will be happy to oblige you with information on where you can vacation at a lake unborn 20 years ago.

God gave Tennessee its Great Smokies where tourists have come to visit the mountain people and to watch the gorgeous turn of the seasons. March with its small blossoming of bloodroot, arbutus, bluets and trilliums. May with silverbell, redbud and dogwood. July with flame azalea and Catawba rhododendron. August and September with asters and lilies. Late Fall when

blue mists sweep over a world blazing with flaming color.

But Uncle Sam gave Tennessee artificial great lakes where modern mermaids dive down and touch the tips of yesterday's forests and bass leap where deer used to.



Horseback riding is a favorite recreation in Big Ridge Park, only 25 miles from Knoxville



Determined Career Woman

When a train killed a cow she could ill-afford to lose, Mrs. Ollie Cole, successful Tulsa, Oklahoma business woman, became more determined than ever to succeed. She was twenty-two years old at the time, a widow with three children ranging from two months to six years in age. In order to provide for and educate them she plunged into a varied and busy career.

She used what assets she had left—some furniture and ingenuity. She secured payment for the cow, and by sharing her home with renters she was able to devote her evenings to study while the children slept. To supplement her limited education she read extensively and taught herself shorthand and typing.

At about this time she lost her youngest child.

Eventually, Mrs. Cole landed her first office job—with a fuel company in McAlester, Oklahoma.

Then metropolitan Tulsa, the "Oil Capital of the World" beckoned. Arriving there, Mrs. Cole found a stenographic job in the oil industry.

"Thanks to the patience of my bosses," she says, "I finally developed into a stenographer."

Now secretary to the Vice-President of Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation, Mrs. Cole boasts of

thirty years with the same company.

Determined to send her sons through college, Mrs. Cole increased her income by selling silk hose and insurance during evening hours. The results were gratifying: the sons, graduates of Oklahoma and Harvard Universities, are now married and living in Iowa and Texas, where they are division managers in the oil industry.

Planning a future of economic independence, Mrs. Cole has begun, with small savings, to invest in income property, and she now owns two modern, brick duplex houses.

When she drove her '49 Nash to California two summers ago, Mrs. Cole caught on to the ceramics craze there and since then has shaped, fired, glazed and painted scores of figurines and pottery pieces in her own efficient home ceramics workshop. "It's fun!" she says.

Mrs. Cole has a new 1951 Custom Ambassador, her third Nash, and she now laughingly prophesies:

"With my car accommodations so comfortably complete—I just might take up fishing."

To clean the bottoms of copper covered pans, sprinkle with salt and rub with a cut lemon.

*Mrs. G. J. Yench
Stillwater, Minn.*

To remove stubborn corks from bottles, wrap a cloth wrung out of hot water around the neck of the bottle. The heat expands the glass and lets the cork come out easily.

*Mrs. Thad Vesser
Seattle, Washington*

When painting stairs that must be used constantly, paint every other step the first day and when dry, paint the remaining steps.

*Mrs. Bernard Tiller
Cleveland, Virginia*

To hang curtains evenly, pull the shades down all around the room to the point where tie backs are to be fastened. Curtains can then be fastened without measuring.

*Mr. Robert Miller
Westminster, Md.*

A small coffee pot makes a good container for used cooking fats. The insert catches any particles left in the fat and strains it for use when needed again.

*Mrs. F. M. O'Bryan
Gable, S. C.*

Paint a line on the outside of a partly used can of paint at the level of the paint remaining in the can. You can then tell at a glance the color and how much paint there is in the can without removing the lid.

*Mrs. Elsie Wendt
Merrill, Wisc.*

Helpful Harriet



Harry and Harriet want to hear from Nash Airflyte readers and get their favorite household hints. For each contribution published, Nash Airflyte will pay contributors five dollars. All contributions become

When butter is too hard to spread, place a hot bowl over it for a few minutes to soften without melting.

*Jo Ann London
Big Run, Pa.*

In damp or rainy weather, cover the magneto of the tractor with a plastic bowl cover for easy starting.

*Will Schott
West Union, Iowa*

Keep about an inch of water in the deep well cooker of the electric range. This will prevent burning the cooker if the wrong burner is accidentally turned on.

*Gladys Pitts
Knoxville, Tenn.*

A test-tube filled with the anti-freeze from your car serves as a good gauge. Cork it with a cork and screw eye and hang it just outside the garage. When it shows a tendency to freeze, add to the anti-freeze in your car.

*S. E. Gardiner, M. D.
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan*



HANDY HARRY

the property of Nash Airflyte and none will be returned. Address contributions to Harry and Harriet, care of Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Mich. Send in your contribution today.

When zippers fail to work smoothly, rub a lead pencil up and down on them a few times and they will work like new.

*Mrs. Lawrence Baumhover
Carroll, Iowa*

Paint light switches with luminous paint. The glow makes it easy to find the switch in the dark.

*Mrs. James Pisano
Pittston, Pa.*

To keep pictures hanging straight which may be jarred by heavy traffic, use a fine wire to attach to the picture and hang it on the nail which has been placed in the wall with the picture facing the wall. Then twist the picture gently around to the front without taking it off the nail.

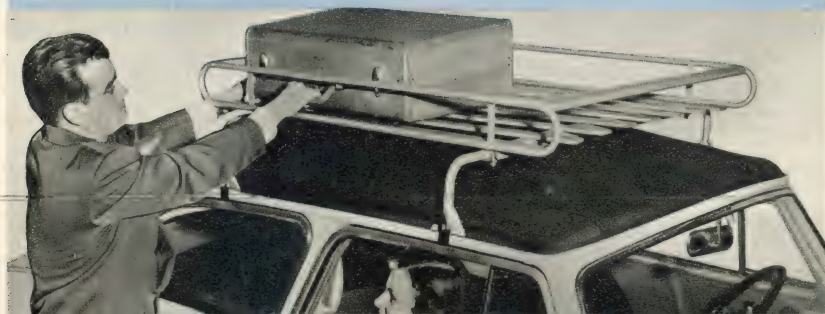
*Mrs. Walter K. Hughes
Zion, Illinois*

Coat the inside of the garbage pail with melted paraffin to prevent rusting or freezing during cold weather.

*H. Earl Snelling
Grand Rapids, Michigan*

RAMBLER'S "Top" Luggage Carrier

Here's Nash Motors' unique new luggage rack, "first top carrier" ever available for use on a convertible model. Designed exclusively for the Rambler series, it can also be used on station wagon and suburban models. The new rack is sturdily constructed of tubular steel, weighs 33 pounds and is easily and swiftly installed or removed by turning four thumb screws. Legs and fasteners are plastic-coated to avoid scratching body finish. Your local Nash dealer now has them in stock.





Everything Planned

A laundry in Connecticut proudly proclaims:

We don't Mangle Your Clothes
With Machinery—We Do It Care-
fully by Hand.

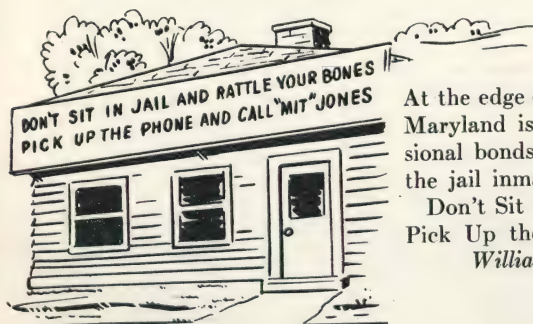
*Mrs. Mary Kimbell
Staffordville, Conn.*

Not Choosey

At the somewhat dangerous turns approaching a small town in Minnesota, the enterprising furniture dealer, who is also the town's undertaker, has erected signs that read:

Maloney Wants to See You—Dead
or Alive.

*Mrs. Ray Stoehr
Big Stone City, S.D.*



For each contribution to this department—which is selected for publication—Nash Airflyte Magazine will pay five dollars. Contributions should be photographs of amusing signs, accounts of interesting roadside experiences, quotes from newspapers, odd ads seen, etc. All contributions become the property of Nash Airflyte and none will be returned. In cases of duplicate contributions the one received first will be paid for if used. Address all contributions to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Michigan.

Gossip

Along the New Jersey Turnpike tourists come upon this startling announcement:



*Mrs. Daniel D. Campanaro
Bangor, Pa.*

Education, Not Taste

A grocery store displayed this sign:
Customers Buy Our Tea Because
They Know No Better.

*Frances Rodman
Ridgewood, N.J.*

It's Verse?

At the edge of the jail grounds in Hyattsville, Maryland is a sign on the roof of a professional bondsman's office. The sign, visible to the jail inmates, reads:

Don't Sit In Jail and Rattle Your Bones—
Pick Up the 'Phone and Call "Mit" Jones.

William F. Dunker, Washington, D. C.

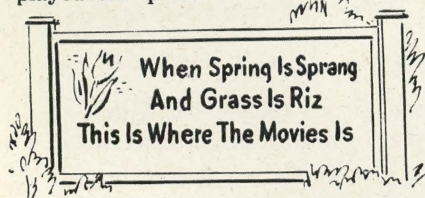
Take It Easy

"On a recent trip, I was amazed to read the following in a small town paper we picked up along the way: 'Owing to lack of space, several births and deaths will be postponed until next week.'"

*Stanley Bjorklund
Rockford, Ill.*

Advertisement

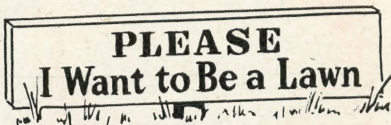
During February a large outdoor movie theater on Lancaster Pike displayed this promise:



*Mrs. Arthur C. Smith
Morristown, Pa.*

Movie Influence

On a plot of newly planted grass in Huntington Park, California, this sign was spotted:



*Mrs. O. A. Capps
Downey, Calif.*

So It Says

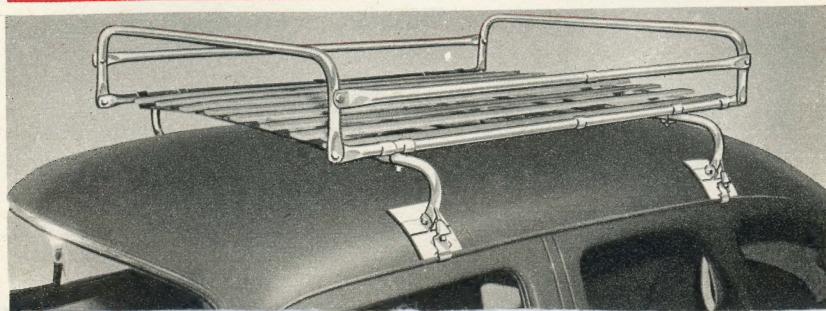
On Bassett Highway, Dover, New Jersey, is a one story building housing an oyster house. In the window is this sign that elicits much comment:

**NOWI
STHETI
METOE
ATOYST
ERS**

*Mrs. Z. M. Cook
Dover, N. J.*

KARDEK Car-Top Carriers

Particularly adaptable to the Nash Ambassador and Statesman Models, Kardek Car-Top Carriers are tops for carrying any type of car-top cargo safely. Kardek is unusually flexible, too. Starting with the basic Kardek, a motorist can add additional units needed to carry various types of loads. An accessory set of bars and clamps are available for carrying any car-top boat, canoe, toboggan, etc. Nash dealers have Kardeks on hand.



for **C**omfort and **P**rotection



Lubrication is one service no owner can afford to neglect. Not only is proper and frequent lubrication necessary to keep a car operating smoothly and riding comfortably, but it is also necessary if costly repair bills are to be avoided.

Unlike some other services, lubrication must be done on a regular schedule. A car in constant use should be lubricated every 1,000 miles; a car used infrequently should be lubricated every 30 days. The lubricants themselves will deteriorate, either from use or from age, and parts that need protection will fail to get it unless oils and greases are changed on schedule.

Naturally, the best lubrication job for a Nash Airflyte is one done by mechanics trained in factory methods—the mechanics who will work on your car at your local Nash dealer's service department.

Lubrication



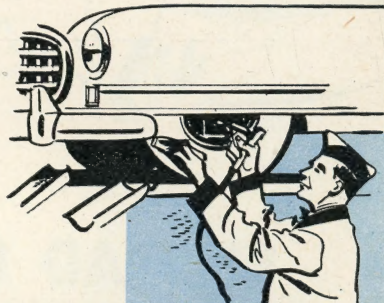
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needs it
every

1000

miles or

30 days

*Proper Lubrication
at proper intervals
helps **PREVENT**
excessive repairs*



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